



**PANTOMIME
SOUVENIR**

and his



*The Proceeds of the Sale of this
Souvenir will be given to Charity*

Whittington and his cat.

PZ
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1923

Dick Whittington and His Cat

A PANTOMIME
PRODUCED BY
THE CALCUTTA AMATEURS

AT THE
EMPIRE THEATRE
IN AID OF
LOCAL CHARITIES
JAN.—FEB. 1923



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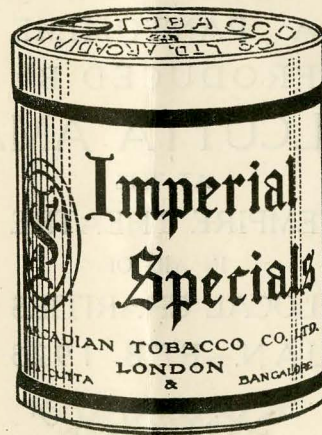
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FOREWORD.

H*IC labor, hoc opus est.* (Note the influence of Capital on the Empire—always powerful but now tremearndous; but we love it!) Well, as we were saying, here we are again, offering the Calcutta public the fruits of weeks of labour, with several brand-new opus numbers from the fertile pens of local composers. The Calcutta amateur pantomime has now become an Institution; and this year the first thoughts of all who have shared in the enterprise since the days of “Red Riding Hood” go to the past and to those who have passed on—Arthur George to a life on the ocean wave, Alfred James “gone aloft” (don’t rise) and Charles William to cast his effulgence upon the Benighted Presidency. To all of them, greeting! Such success as our efforts this year may achieve will owe much to the inspiration that they left us. We hope that we shall be able to show that the exhortations sent out four years ago to the great big world to persevere in its rotatory motion have not proved fruitless and that the said orb is still all right, whatever the defects of some of its inhabitants.

Two of our original principals are still with us, in the persons of Messrs. Gemmell and Kitchen, to whom especial honour is due as having been mainly responsible for the revival of the show last year after a lapse of two years. With them we are fortunate in having Mrs. Hewer again as Principal Boy, while we have to give a hearty welcome to a new Principal Girl, Mrs. Simon. But good wine needs no bush; and of the excellence of these artistes, together with the high level achieved by the rest of the Company, thanks to the magnificent loyalty of one and all, we can safely leave our audiences to judge from across the footlights. Here is rather the place to speak of those whose work has lain behind the scenes.

There is not one of the team that would not agree as to the meed of praise due to their two wheelers, “Lucius Marcus” and A. Wood-Talbot, upon whom the heaviest collar-work has fallen. It may be unprofessional to mention the author of a pantomime-book,—in regular theatrical circles we believe the smallest type is kept for his name; but this is a point where amateurs can be thankful for their

freedom from such a tradition. Our audiences shall judge of the inspiration and the inimitable wit and humour of Lucius Marcus' scrip; but of the colossal extent of his labours in all directions, the Company best can judge. Before the word "go" he was all over the course and knew exactly the best line of country over which to lead the field. To him our sincerest thanks; and we must also express our gratitude to Mrs. Lucius who has worked early and late on the musical and organisation sides.

And what are we to say of our musical director, whose genial spirit has played over the whole production like the flames on a Christmas pudding and whose infectious energy has done so much to inspire the whole Company? Perhaps he will accept the very genuine assurance that all who have had the privilege of working with him and for him feel that they have made a friend,—so real a friend that none bears any grudge if he has sometimes allowed himself the candour of a friend. Nor must we forget his musical lieutenant, some of whose work startled the chorus into the belief that they had been engaged for grand opera. But after all, Italy is the home of grand opera; and we have Sarah's assurance that H. M. Douanier began his musical career on an organ, so the link is—not missing. (H. M. D. says that

he has often wondered what was meant by the term "low comedian.")

Valuable service in connection with the music and particularly its orchestration, has been rendered by Mr. Dudley, director of music to H. E. the Governor, by Mr. Hann of the J. C. Williamson, Ltd., Gilbert, and Sullivan Opera Company, and by Mr. Marsh, director of the Saturday Club orchestra, who came nobly to the rescue when work had to be done against time.

We record our considerable debt to Mrs. Goodman who, as Chairman of the Ladies' Committee, selected all the dress designs and has for some weeks given all her time to the dressing of the show. It has been an enormous task and the good cheer and happy spirit she has maintained throughout have been reflected in all the work of the Company. Special thanks are also due to the indefatigable Mrs. Maitland-King in this connection; we all regret the indisposition which has kept her out of the caste.

A word of praise is due to Mrs. Stevens of 2, Auckland Place, who has made all the dresses. There are some 273 in all and everyone who sees this pantomime will agree that no better dressed show has even been placed before a Calcutta audience.

This is the more creditable to Mrs. Stevens as all dresses were delivered according to contract and the charges made were most reasonable.

Dancing is a department which has this year come into new hands. We have grateful recollections of the work of Mrs. Bareke, Mrs. Peacop and Miss Ballin in the past; this year we are deeply in the debt of Mrs. Bottomley, whose work shows in every scene except "The Clouds." A word is due also to Capt. Brasier-Creagh of His Excellency's Staff for helping Mrs. Bottomley in the drill of the "Lady Cooks."

The scenery has been the particular care of Major Maitland-King, R.E., who has designed it all and painted half with his own hands. He had set himself a high standard in the past, and this year he has raised it. The programme covers and many of the dress designs are his.

Mr. Goodman has filled the rôle of stage-manager with all the *bonhomie* that his name implies; and he has been ably seconded by Capt. Jackson, who has been to Spain to some purpose, as the vernacular eloquence of the Spanish scene will betray. He and Mr. Gordon Lunan have been co-operating

with Mr. Macpherson of the Calcutta Decorating Company in the preparation of the "props."

The production committee has consisted of Mr. A. de Bois Shroobree, Chairman, and Messrs. A. Gemmell, W. H. Kitchen and Lewis Marks. Their work speaks for them. May their shadows never grow less!

Great indeed is the debt of gratitude due to His Excellency the Governor for his kindness in allowing his orchestra to take a part,—and a most important part,—in the show. Of Mr. Dudley, His Excellency's Director of Music, we have already spoken; and we have here to thank all the gentlemen in the orchestra for their co-operation, with a special word for Mr. O'Brien.

Finally, we have to thank that world-famous artist, Mme. Pavlova, for all the forbearance she has shown in the matter of rehearsals during the visit of her company, and for the sympathetic interest with which her divinity has honoured our merely mortal efforts and which is reflected in her appearance in the photographic group of the Company reproduced in this Souvenir. Starting under such auspices, this pantomime of "Dick Whittington and His Cat" cannot surely fail to be the success that all have striven to make it.



The Company Photographed with Madame ANNA PAVLOVA who is seen sitting between
MR. A. DE BOIS SHROSBREE & MR. A. W. GOODMAN.

Pavlova was here ^{Six} entertained her she is charming

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

The Belfry of Old Bow Church.

Scene 2.

Highgate Hill Scenes. Mayday, A.D. 1412.

Sunrise—Noon—Sunset.

Scene 3.

Alderman Fitzwarren's Stores.

Scene 4.

Wapping Old Stairs.

ACT II.

Scene 5.

The Palace Gardens, Morocco.

Scene 6.

Somewhere in the Clouds.

Scene 7.

The Plaza Della Bovril, Cadiz, Spain.

Scene 8.

Olde Guildhall, London.

A.D. 9th November, 1415.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

IMMORTALS.

Bandicoot the Great (*Kaiser of Rodentia*)
Mr. H. W. RICHMOND.

Fairy Bow Bell (*Who Makes a Peal Appeal*)
MISS D. VANDYKE.

King Owl (*A wise Old Bird—too-whit,
an 'owling success*) . . . Mr. A. GEMMELL.

MORTALS.

Dick Whittington (*A Broth of a Boy*) . Mrs. F. HEWER.

Sarah, the Cook (*Who nearly spoils the Broth*)
Mr. W. H. KITCHEN.

Alderman MacFitzwarren (*Whiteaway's Remote
Ancestor*) . . . Mr. A. GEMMELL.

Alice Fitzwarren (*His Daughter*) . Mrs. E. C. SIMON.

Idle Jack (*A Sleeping Beauty*) . . Mr. R. GIBBONS.

Will Atkins (*A Bold, Bad Buccaneer*)
Capt. E. D. WALTERS.

Carreras, The Black Cat (*Always up to Scratch*)
Mr. F. B. PATTERSON.

Omar the Umpteenth (*Emperor of Morocco:*
Inventor of the Glad Eye) . . Mr. A. GOODMAN.

The Princess Meomara (*His Daughter*)
Mrs. W. J. GIBSON.

Mustapha Banana (*The Grand Vizier of Morocco:*
Rich, Ripe and Fruity) Major MAITLAND-KING, R.E.

Hafiz Edoff (*The Court Executioner and Chief Destroyer,
Gold Medalist All-India Exhibition*) Mrs. H. ANCELL.

Major Blake (*An Aero Nought*) Capt. BRASIER-CREAGH.

King Henry V. (*King of England*) . . Mr. P. REED.

Queen Katharine (*His Queen*) . Mrs. A. GOODMAN.

The May Queen . . . Miss BLANCHE JONES.

Sir Philip de Beauvois . . . Mr. H. NICOLSON.

A Spanish Dancer . . . Mrs. M. BOTTOMLEY.

A Moorish Dancer . . Miss BARBARA JACOMB-HOOD.

Jack o' the Green . . . Capt. A. C. BROWN.

Tramp . . . Mr. L. Q. HIGNELL.

Jester . . . Mr. L. LUNAN.

Friar . . . Mr. D. L. McPHERSON.

Shoppers at Fitzwarren's Stores: Mesdames W. J. GIBSON, A. ANCELL, R. S. COLLARD, A. C. HIBBERT, C. L. STRANACK, R. FERGUSON, L. P. SLANE, P. PARKINSON, Misses M. RAYNEAU, B. JONES.

Fitzwarren's Apprentices: Mrs. M. BOTTOMLEY, Misses T. LONMON, P. GIRLING, I. BRADLEY, BARBARA JACOMB-HOOD.

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Crew of the "Hitchy-Koo": Messrs. P. REED, R. JACKSON, W. HARMER, D. L. McPHERSON, R. H. HACKER, H. G. NICHOLSON, M. TROLLOPE, G. BRASIER-CREAGH, K. G. LANGSTON, H. W. RICHMOND, N. TEALE.

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Rodents: Masters RAYNEAU and LONMON.

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Ladies of the Emperor's Court: Mesdames HIBBERT, STRANACK, MARKS, GOODMAN, BEECROFT, FERGUSON, McELROY, SLANE, TAYLOR, Misses RAYNEAU, BLOCKLEY, BRADLAUGH, YOUNG, LONDON, COKE, JARDINE, MITCHELL.

Dancers of the Desert: Mesdames P. PARKINSON, L. P. SLANE, Misses B. JACOMB-HOOD (*Principal Dancer*), P. GIRLING, B. JONES, I. BRADLEY.

Emperor's Guards: Messrs. ABBOTT, BROWN, COLVIN, FERGUSON, FRENCH, GIBSON, GLADSTONE, HARTAS, HARMER, HIGNELL, JACKSON, LANGSTON, MCPHERSON, NICHOLSON, REED, RICHMOND, RAYNEAU, SMART, SUMNER, STRANACK, TROLLOPE, TEALE, WALTERS.

Musicians: Messrs. HACKER and MCPHERSON.

Spaniards of Cadiz: Mesdames MARKS, FERGUSON, Misses JACOMB-HOOD, COKE, Messrs. TROLLOPE, JACKSON, GLADSTONE, HARMER, RAYNEAU.

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Shipwrights: Mrs. PARKINSON, Misses COKE and JARDINE.

Sir Curry Bart and Lady: Mr. GLADSTONE and Mrs. BEECROFT.

Knights of King Henry V : Messrs. COLVIN, TROLLOPE, STRANACK, RICHMOND, SUMNER, BRASIER-CREAGH, ABBOTT, HIGNELL.

Heralds: Messrs. FRENCH, HARMER.

Pages: Miss THELMA LONMON, Master BOBBIE RAYNEAU.

Queen's Lady: Miss RAYNEAU.

The Pantomime written by LUCIUS MARCUS
 Additional Lyrics and Special Music by A. WOOD-TALBOT,
 H. M. DOUANIER and LUCIUS MARCUS.
 Orchestrations by W. HANN, G. MARSH and G. DUDLEY.
 Scenery designed by Major MAITLAND-KING, R.E.
 Scenes 3, 5, 6 and 7 painted by Major MAITLAND-KING, R.E.
 Scenes 1, 2, 4 and 8 painted by DINSHAW A. IRANI, by kind
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 W. H. KITCHEN, LEWIS MARKS, A. GEMMELL.
 Honorary Secretary:—A. GEMMELL.
 Musical Secretary:—MRS. MARKS.
 Ladies' Committee:—MRS. A. GOODMAN (*Chairman*),
 MRS. MAITLAND-KING, MRS. F. HEWER, MRS. MARKS
 assisted by L. GORDON LUNAN.
 Musical Director:—A. WOOD TALBOT.

Stage Director:—LEWIS MARKS.
 Stage Manager:—A. W. GOODMAN.
 Asst. Stage Mangr. & Prop. Master:—Capt. R. D. JACKSON.
 Ballet Mistress:—MRS. BOTTOMLEY.
 Mechanist:—W. BARTHOLOMEW.
 Electrician:—F. STEELE.
 Perruquier:—A. YOUNG.
 Electric Horn used in Scene 4 kindly lent by THE CONTIN-
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 Winch used in Airship Scene kindly lent by Messrs. JESSOP
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 Photos in the Souvenir by Major MAITLAND-KING and
 Messrs. JOHNSON & HOFFMAN.



"THE WORLD'S ALL RIGHT."

Sung by "Dick" (Mrs. F. Hewer.)

I met a tramp all alone in his camp,
Laughing gaily and singing a song.
This Hobo man drank his tea from a can,
But I hail'd him as I pass'd along.
I said, "You're down and out, but you seem happy;
What is your secret, tell me, friend?"
"Secret," said he, "Why, gee, it's just phil-os-o-phy
Here's the beginning and the end;

Chorus.

Oh, the world's all right, it's the people living in it
Make it seem all wrong, seem all wrong.
If there's strife or any trouble in it
You can bet your life it's the people who begin it.
So I tramp my way and I'm happy ev'ry minute,
And I sing my little song,
Oh, the world's all right, it's the people living in it
Make it seem all wrong."

"HARRY OF ENGLAND."

Concerted Number, Act II, Scene IV.

- All London greets her Soldier-King,
Harry of England! Harry of England!
All victorious, his the name we sing,
Harry of England! Harry of England!
London's freemen, London's yeomen,
Fought with Thee the foreign foemen.
This thine hour of happy omen
Harry of England.
- Solo Oh! many's the wight from farm and field
Has learnt his bow and his pike to wield
Under the merry greenwood tree.
- Solo But every lad in London town
May sing as well as a country clown,
Of the oak and the ash and the ivy tree.
- Solo The oak for the ships that ride the waves
And the ash for the lusty quarter-staves;
And the clinging ivy tree
For the love we bear for Thee,
England my own Countrie!
- Men Let British hearts beat ever true;
Ne'er yield our proud battalions.
From Agincourt to Waterloo,
To Balaclava Vimy, Mons.
Come the three corners of the world in
arms;
And naught shall make us rue
If England, if England to itself do rest
but true

Chorus.

- All Loud then let the clarion ring
"Glory to England!" "Glory to England!"
Flash the blade as on our way we spring
Marching for England, marching for Eng-
land,
Through the ages yet to be, this our song
of loyalty
"Long live His Majesty!" "God Save the
King!"

"TURN AGAIN."

Sung by Dick and Chorus.

- Turn Again Whittington Lord Mayor of London,
Oh, yes, we hear them very plain, Bells are ringing turn
again
He the Lord Mayor, ha! ha! ha! ha! Can the boy be
sane?
Listen to the silly lad, fairy tales have made him mad,
Fairy stories may come true, hearken once again.
On Paul's Cathedral stands a tree as full of apples as
can be—
Stop, oh stop the doddering crew; let the bells decide
for you
If this message comes again, we'll believe it true
Turn again Whittington Lord Mayor of London, oh
turn again Dick Whittington
Lord Mayor of London Town, Turn-Turn-Turn.

"RUM FOR A SAILOR."

Sung by Will Atkins and Sailors.

I.

A sea-dog I, ay, a dog indeed,
And these my pups of the old sea breed,
Ay, ay, of the sea breed;
We sail the main in our heart of oak,
And come what may, well, life's a joke,
Ay, ay, a jolly fine joke;
With our binnacles and barnacles and big jib boom;
Oh, better far than lying in a mouldy Tomb,
Is Davy Jones's locker where there's lots of room,
And there's always rum for a sailor!

Chorus.

Heave—ho! for the sails are spread,
A cask of rum at the fo'c's le head,
And plenty more in the Captain's store,
There's always rum for a sailor!

II.

Now who's the swab who would stay at home
When all the seas are his to roam:—
Ay, ay, they're ours to roam
A lubbering landsman's spliced for life
But every port has a sailor's wife,
Ay, ay, a different wife
With their Mollies and their Sallies and their Nancies too
A girl for every sailor in the whole darned crew
There's one for me and one for him and one for you
And there's always rum for a sailor!

Chorus.

THE GIRLS FROM COOKS.

I.

You've heard a lot about the Wrens,
And much about the Waacs,
And what they did to win the War,
But when you came to facts,
An army fights upon it's tummy,
That's the place to touch a soldier;
When they said we'll end the show
Did they want the men? No, No!
They took the flappers and they made 'em grow
And turned them into Cooks.

Chorus.

Fall in and follow the lady cooks,
Fall in for this is the place for looks,
If you want to find the way
Round the wicked world to-day
Come into the Office and say
We want Cooks.

II.

And when they had to scrap the Waacs
"The Lady Cooks" said Foch
Must be demobilised" but Haig
Ejaculated "Bosh"
The darlings must continue cooking
Turn their Beetons into Bradshaws
When you go by boat or train
P & O or aeroplane
Call upon us here we are again
The Lady Cooks Brigade.

Chorus.



SKIPPER AND CREW OF THE "HITCHY-KOO."

MR. D. L. MACPHERSON, MR. H. W. RICHMOND, MR. R. H. HACKER, CAPT. BRASIER-CREAGH, CAPT. E. D. WALTERS, MR. W. HARMER,
MR. N. TEALE, MR. P. REED.



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MARKS, MISS BRADLAUGH, MRS. FERGUSON, MRS. GOODMAN, MISS COKE, MISS MITCHELL.



MR. LEWIS MARKS.



“BELLA, THE BELLE O’ DUNOON.”

Sung by “Fitzwarren” (Mr. A. Gemmell.)

I.

I’ve got a secret to tell ye the noo,
I’ve got in secret to tell ye that’s true.
And when I tell ye don’t go and tell
’Cause I want ye a’ to keep it to yer-sel
I’m going to a wedding, the first in my life
I’ve come to invite ye to meet my young wife
I’m getting married two weeks to-day
I’m changing her name from Mackenzie to MacCrae.

Chorus.

There’s a bonnie wee face in a bonnie wee place
A place I’m longing to see
A lassie is waiting with eyes so captivating
She is oh so dear to me.
She’ll be full o’ surprises in the morning when she rises
And she hears I’m in the toun
I am the fellah who’s going to marry Bella
Bella the Belle o’ Dunoon.

II.

We met at a picnic, her smile was the thing
The thing that induced me to buy her the ring
I would have bought her a gold watch as well
But just for luck I bought it for mysel’
And when we get married, I’ll buy her a lot
When we get married, I’ll spend all I’ve got
Then when I’ve spent all I have on my dove
We’ll be living then on—nothing but love.

Chorus.

"WHOOOP-SE-ODDLE-DO!"

Sung by Fitzwarren and Chorus.

If you've the blues and you wish you were dead,
If you've a tear that you're starting to shed,

Dry it! Dry it!

I have a simple infallible rule,
And I am sure it will cure you, if you'll

Try it! Try it!

If you'll just warble "Whoop-se-oo-dle-doo!"
Life will at once seem bright and fair to you
Ev'ry time you're in the soup,
Put the accent on the whoop!

If you follow my tip, you'll find,
Troubles vanish away;
Ev'ry cloud will be silver lined
Start and do it to-day

Chorus.

One, Two, Three! Fill up your lungs and shout it!
Whoop-se-oo-dle-do! Whoop-se-oo-dle-do!

You'll soon see
Life is a blank without it,
Whoop-se-oo-dle-do! Whoop-se-oo-dle-do!
Sing it down the garden path;
Try it over in your bath,
Let it rip, for there's a zip about it.
One, Two, Three!

Pull up your socks and shout it!
Whoop-se-oo-dle-do! whoop-se-oo-dle-do! whoop-
se-oo-dle-do!

MEOMARA.

Sung by the Princess of Morocco.

Far across the sands
Hear the camel bells
With his caravan
There my lover dwells
And the zephyrs soft
At the close of day
Bring to me his voice
I can hear him say.

Chorus.

Meomara . . . By the far Sahara
When the stars are gleaming
We will lie a dreaming
Meomara!—Can you hear me calling
As the night is falling
My Morocco maid.

"LISTENING IN."

We're all listening in, all listening in,
Catching the messages near and far
Europe, Asia, and America.
Nosey Parkers!
All listening in.

And Topical Verses.

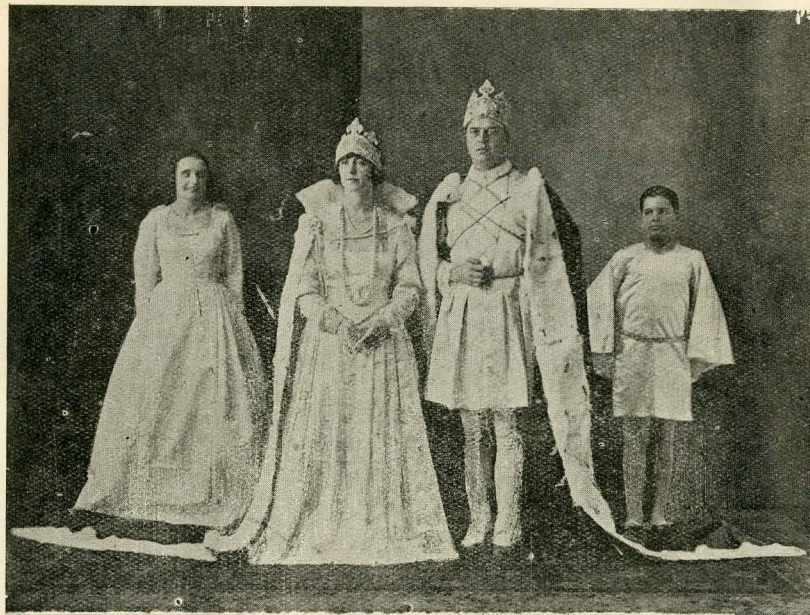


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Sir Carey Willoughby and Lady: MR. MCPHERSON and
MRS. GIBSON.*

CITY GUILDS.

*Vintners: MRS. HIBBERT, MISSES GIRLING and BRADLEY.
Sir Cutler Kellner and Lady: MR. LANGSTON and
MISS BLOCKLEY.*





CITY GUILDS.

King Henry V and Queen Katherine :

MR. PERCY REED AND MRS. GOODMAN,

Queen's Lady: MISS RAYNEAU. *Page:* MASTER B. RAYNEAU.

DANCERS OF THE DESERT.

MISS PATTIE GIRLING.

MISS BRADLAUGH.

MRS. PARKINSON.

MRS. HIBBERT.

MRS. SLADE.



"THE SPANISH LOVER."

Sung by "Sarah" (Mr. W. H. Kitchen.)

I.

I'm a gay Signorita, complete with guitar, 'plete with
guitar, guitar,

I love a young Spaniard in Villobala, Villobala 'balar.
When I tickle my *baja* his eyes go larger and larger.

Chorus.

Take your guitar and guitartofit, guitartofit,
Oh the passion that wells from the heartofit, the heartofit
It rouses me right from the startofit, the startofit
When you come to the twiddly partofit
Oh Damn it all. *Chup Row.* Buz off.

II.

I was dancing last night with a dashing Senor, dashing
Senor, Senor,
When he suddenly stopped and said sit the next four, sit
the next four, sit four,
Here's a nice *kala jugga*. Do you play soccer or rugger?

Chorus.

Take your guitar and guitartofit, guitartofit,
You winked at me right at the startofit, the startofit
You're a married man, there's not a doubtfit, a doubtfit
So take your guitar and guitartofit
You dirty dog, go home—*jao jao*.





Spanish Dancer: (MRS. BOTTOMLEY.)



Carreras. The Cat: (MR. F. B. PATTERSON)



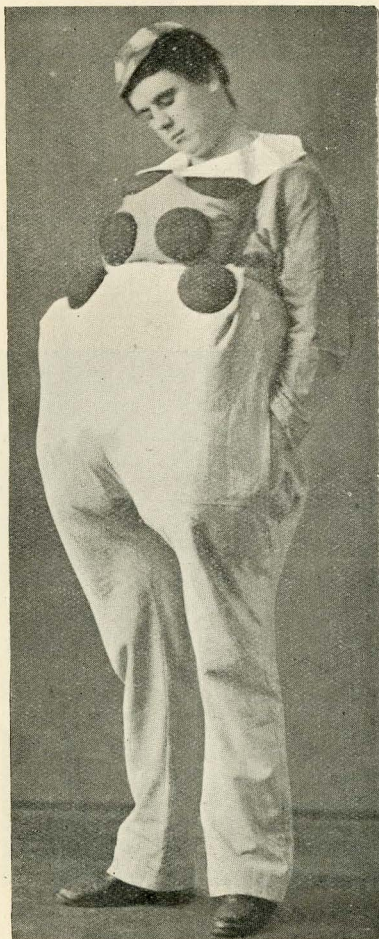
Moorish Dancer: (MISS JACOME-HOOD.)



Alice Fitzwarren (Mrs. E. C. SIMON.)



Sir Richard Whittington (Mrs. F. HEWER.)



Idle Jack (MR. R. GIBBONS.)



Mustapha Banana (MAJOR MAITLAND KING)



Omar the Umpteenth (MR. A. GOODMAN.)

"DOWN WITH THE WHOLE DARN LOT."

All We're all of Democratic birth
 Democracy's our aim
 We mean to Bolshevise the earth
 Protected by that name,
 To outrage any sacred law
 We'd give our dying breath
 And if we started Civil War
 Fitz We'd laugh ourselves to death.
 Sarah Down with the idle rich,
 Fitz The bloated upper classes,

Alice Who watch it all
 From a ten-dib stall
 Sarah With their jewelled op're glasses;
 Fitz Down with the Bengal P'lice
 Alice We'll quickly have them shot
 Jack Or else we'll slit each jugular
 With a gleaming keen-edged scimitar,
 Sarah What about Sir Reginald at Lall Bazaar?
 All Down with the whole darn lot!

And Topical Verses.



SAILORS' HORNPIPE

MRS. BOTTOMLEY.

MISS PATTIE GIRLING.

MISS THELMA LONMON.

MISS BLOCKLEY.

MISS BRADLEY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

[It must be distinctly understood that we are not necessarily responsible for the sentiments expressed by our correspondents.—Ed.]

Dear Mr. Editor,

How can you expect one poor li'l overworked, jaded amateur to become author as well as actress, singer, dancer, etc., etc.

Besides, dear Editor, I have to consider one of the 'silent sufferers' who still demands his 'eats' as we would say in America,—and his drinks (as we can in America no longer say, alas).

Life simply isn't long enough to say all I would like to so I will merely add that I hope the audiences will be as kind to the Pantomime of 1923 as they were to that of 1922.

Yours always,

Mabel Hewer.

P. S.

Pussy says he can't write but he'll ask all his friends to tell the Committee what he thinks of them over the garden wall about 3 o'clock some morning.

M. H.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I have been thinking very carefully over your demand for a contribution to the Pantomime Souvenir. I was in a state of astonished amazement at your want of consideration and have fully made up my mind to let the cat out of the bag. Of course I realize that you are as much under the thumb of the "perducer" and the other "blighter," who is supposed to understand the art of generating melody, but I did think you were sufficiently observant to know that my "think box" is liable to explode at any moment. When you have a Producer who alters his ideas daily, backed up by a Musical Director who thinks you should know all about a song in a couple of hours, there is a natural tendency to be really "fed-up." Well! I've reached that stage, and for you to make a further call on my so called "spare time" is sheer thoughtlessness... You even now insist? Very well then!

As one of the comedians of the show you expected me to write something that would probably tend to excite mirth, but believe me Mr. Editor, the aforementioned Producer, aided and abetted by the man who professes to know the art of producing musical noises, has, with felonious intent, made me humorless. I will try to translate the author's fussy foolishness in the funniest way I can, but please remember, there is a knack of giving point to the elements of comedy and of creating humorous situations which they have killed. Sir Reginald Clarke—arrest them!!

Another "big noise" in the show is the burly Secretary, but the office chokra is better able to conduct the affairs of this production than this oversized, red faced, actor vocalist (alleged). I am not personal, or cantankerous, though I suppose the fact of the matter is, I'm not the man I was. I mean these daily rehearsals with their attendant worries don't seem to fascinate me as they used to. They once seemed to me to be what the doctor ordered. Of course, you know the reason? I am all for a certain chumminess in the show, but when you have

the three other members of the Production Committee refusing to admit that I'm on the map at all do you wonder that my nerves stick out of my body a foot long and are curling at the ends?

In conclusion, I must hold a brief for those behind the old red curtain. They are a super-excellent variety of footlight neophytes. They absolutely exercise charm, whether things are going right or going wrong, and they have combined to secure a performance which will, I feel sure, be satisfying in every way. It is very nice to find so many amateurs always willing to assist in any endeavour made to help a good cause. The confidence of the spirit which dares to emulate a professional company, is to be warmly commended. Folk are so timid in their ventures now-a-days and so prone to limit their talents to an indulgence in safe propositions, that it is quite refreshing to meet with a company of people willing to take risks in attempting an achievement which might well be conceived to be beyond their powers.

*Yours,
W. H. Kitchen.*

Dear Mr. Editor,

I'M FED UP—I am not an actor (*Lucius* has emphatically told me so), I am not a vocalist (*Bertie* has persistently pointed that out to me), I am not a quick-change artist (*Goodman* has repeatedly threatened me for late entries), but to-day has been the last straw that gave *Gemmell* the hump, if you understand what I mean. I have to sing a Scotch song about a 'wee lassie' and am clad in a Morocco-cum-Old-London costume standing in what is supposed to be a Spanish Street and outside a bull ring!!

Ah, woe is me.

I have another grievance, for according to the 'book' I possess a charming daughter who eventually becomes *Lady Whittington*.

Could you possibly get the authors to make *Alice Fitzwarren* only a foster daughter, because then I could marry her myself instead of handing her over to *Dick*? Do please try.

Once again I receive the Dame in marriage, as a fitting reward for my labours and you should see 'Kitch' and myself together in our little abode

studying our parts and practising the 'musky' bits.

However when all's said and done it is going to be a wonderful show for *Dick*, *Alice*, *Sarah*, *Omar*, *Idle Jack*, *Carreras* and the wonderful chorus also *Bertie*, the heavy weight champion baton wielder, *Lucius* the wit-inspired lyric merchant, *Peter King*, the paint-pot expert, *Mrs. Goodman* and her band of rag-reformers have one and all worked hard and long to provide an entertainment which is going to make theatrical history in the East.

To parody *Dick's* famous musical number:—

'The show's all right' because of the people who are in it.

Yours as ever,
Andrew Gemmell.

P. S.

Since writing the above letter I have been given a yellow jacket, a Scotch bonnet and a kilt, so am feeling rather better about things in general and my *Belle of Dunoon* song in particular.

A. G.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I was immensely gratified at being invited to join this year's Pantomime and also when asked to play the part of Alice. The members of the Company have one and all shown the utmost kindness, and you can imagine the joy it has been to me to be allowed to do my share to help forward the various charities which will benefit through our efforts. We all feel that the magnificence of our reception is due in no small measure to our Production Committee and especially to Mr. Lewis Marks and that very clever artiste, Mrs. Goodman.

I am most grateful for the opportunity you have given me to express the pleasure that I have obtained in joining so happy a company.

Yours sincerely,
Norah Simon.

Dear Mr. Editor,

A long experience of the methods of brilliant comedians has enabled me to isolate the formula by which the author's "original" joke is improved so completely that even Noah would not recognise his own inspiration. That formula is as follows:—

Think of a joke

Muddle it

Add ten redundant words

Addle it

Take away the joke you first thought of

And the answer's a lemon.

The pantomime is before your readers and they will judge of the result of the months of devoted work which that wonderful organisation The Calcutta Amateurs have put into the production. One cannot find words to appreciate them. The spirit animating the whole effort is, in my humble opinion, the noblest, the most unselfish, and they "play the game."

Yours happily,
Lucius Marcus.

Dear Sir,

I am deeply sensible of the privilege of working with so many charming and clever friends whose kindness to me has been overwhelming. Their spirit has inspired everything—why, the stage hands are working like amateurs, and loving it! And look at Fungus! I am proud to have been connected with the show, even if only as a looker on.

Yours faithfully,
A. de Bois Shrosbree.

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